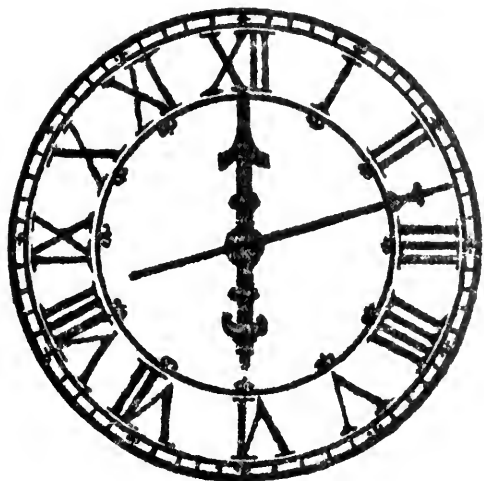
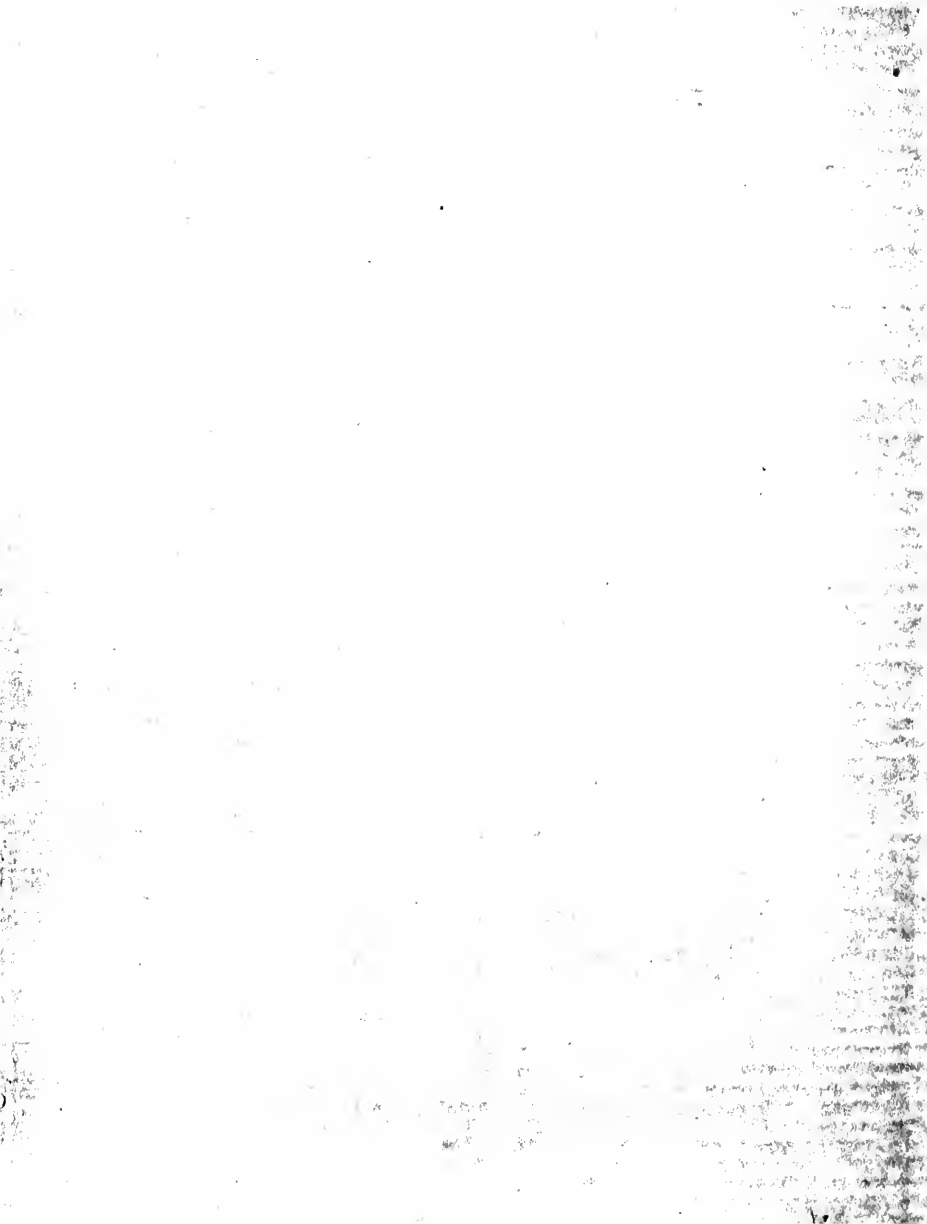


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THE · ROUND · CLOCK







*THE ROUND CLOCK*

BY

BEATRICE NICKERSON

DRAWINGS BY CATHERINE RICHARDSON



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1920

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*D. B. Updike · The Merrymount Press*

FEB 19 1920

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1844 3 H. 4. 187 1-0

TWENTY-SIX PIECES  
DRESSED FOR MY NIECES  
NEPHEWS AND SONS  
ALL OTHER ONES  
WHO READ THIS BOOK  
OR EVEN LOOK  
INSIDE ITS CASE  
MUST TRY TO READ  
MY ROUND CLOCK'S FACE





## THE HOURS

*Twelve little merry, whirligig foot-pages.*

CHARLES LAMB

THE ROUND CLOCK

ONE O'CLOCK

*One o'Clock*  
*Is young and bold,*  
*Bringing deep sleep*  
*And frost and cold.*  
*He holds the reins of night,*  
*He tells her when to pass*  
*Beyond our sight.*

*THE HOURS*

*TWO O'CLOCK*

*Two o'Clock's*

*A merry fellow*

*Whistling up the road,*

*Wearing green and yellow*

*Like the frog and toad.*

*He is wed to folly*

*Out there in the cold*

*And he's fat and jolly*

*Fun to scold.*

THREE O'CLOCK

*Three o'Clock's*

*A lady*

*Coming from a ball,  
White she is and stately  
In the hall!*

*THE HOURS*

SIX O'CLOCK

*Six o'Clock*

*Is heaven*

*On a summer morn,*

*Tell it to the lady,*

*Brave her scorn;*

*White she was and stately*

*In the hall*

*I have loved her lately,*

*All the fall.*

## THE ROUND CLOCK

### TWELVE O'CLOCK

*The world turns;  
She breathes in peace,  
For this next Hour she desires  
All activity shall cease,  
The coal is on the fire:  
Millions of workers pause  
And now they use  
One precious hour for the body's wants  
Their papers to peruse  
And blessed food,  
One has a chance to make a friend  
And finds that it's relief to talk again,  
Another sits and waits until  
The Hour ends.*

FOUR O'CLOCK

*A carter sleeps,*

*At his feet*

*Lies a child.*

*His van is on the heath,*

*The night is wild,*

*Two lambs awake and bleat —*

*The road is steep*

*In Ireland!*

THE ROUND CLOCK

FIVE O'CLOCK

*Five o'Clock*  
*Is full of things:*  
*There's fire and tea*  
*For you and me.*  
*In summer it is sad,*  
*The wood thrush sings at five o'Clock,*  
*A cow-bell rings beside the rock,*  
*The boys strayed off to play,*  
*I am alone to-day.*



*THE HOURS*

SEVEN O'CLOCK

*The children pray;  
I think it is June's longest day—  
The lazy Clock has stopped,  
I smell the scent of new-mown hay.  
Syringa perfumes drop  
And thunder mutters far away—  
One child feels hot  
He whispers: "Lightning, will you stay?  
Please watch beside my cot."*

EIGHT O'CLOCK

*Heliotrope, camellias, gorgeous plates,  
Damask table linen, tedious waits  
Stiff white shirts and collars, is that cheer?  
Oh, those endless dinners!  
Feasts of yester-year.*

*THE HOURS*

NINE O'CLOCK

*"The moon is round—*

*Two eyes,*

*A nose,*

*And a mouth."*

*He whispers nonsense,*

*They are silent*

*And the wind is south.*

*"Dear is it late?"*

*Eyes seek his face*

*But he is gazing into space.*

*She says: "I fear the turn of fate,*

*When winds are south*

*Rain follows drought."*

*She shudders, a great hound*

*Disturbs the moonlit place.*

*"Darling, all we can know*

*THE ROUND CLOCK*

*Until we lie beneath the ground*

*Is that we love, and that*

*The moon is round—*

*Two eyes,*

*A nose,*

*And a mouth.”*

*THE HOURS*

TEN O'CLOCK

*Always at Mother's, when  
The Clock struck Ten  
She'd chase the boys away,  
Sometimes good-byes were gay.  
Once Charlie ran  
And banged the door—  
My grandmother was ill;  
Our best dish fell,  
Broke on the floor.  
Nobody spoke, I went upstairs,  
I could not sleep  
Or say my prayers,  
Not even weep.  
The moon was like a yellow shell  
Shining across my bed.  
I knew so well*

*THE ROUND CLOCK*

*I 'd slowly waste away like that  
And grow too old to wear a hat  
White caps instead.*

*THE HOURS*

ELEVEN O'CLOCK

*Bumping home from the play*

*Along the roadway.*

*Fine feathers make fine birds!*

*Somehow they are not gay,*

*Margaret stirred —*

*“I cannot bear this endless way*

*We have to go after the play —*

*It is too far;*

*I hate this stupid car —*

*We ought to live in town*

*Like Pa,*

*I'd be tucked up in bed,*

*Or else instead*

*Go out to dance with Brown —*

*We might be gay!*

*Not cold and ghum after the play*

*THE ROUND CLOCK*

*Now won't you live in town?*

*Don't frown,*

*I saw you in the light*

*I'll make a fight*

*To go back home to town."*



## OTHER POEMS



ASH WEDNESDAY

*Mortification is vexation  
And Fasting is as bad,  
The Moveables do puzzle me,  
Shrove Tuesday is quite mad.*

*THE ROUND CLOCK*

THE SCHOOL FOR DAYS

*Septuagesima keeps a school  
And tries to teach the days,  
The two who will not learn by rule  
Are Valentine and May.  
The greatest joker's April Fool,  
A tease he is and gay;  
They never know where they're to sit  
Or when to work and play.*

OTHER POEMS

BIRTHDAY

*I see a stretch of long white sand,  
It is a warm spring day,  
Children are romping hand in hand—  
We watch them play.  
A small girl tires of the game  
And breaks away—  
She asks a boy: "What is your name  
And when is your birthday?"*

*THE ROUND CLOCK*

DOOMSDAY

*Doomsday is coming,  
Croaks old Sue,  
Because men die of "flu"  
Like rats. I wonder . . .  
He'll laugh to see us run  
And fetch us every one  
That's not snowed under.*

OTHER POEMS

ALL SAINTS' DAY

*All Saints' Day is loved by all,  
It ends the early Fall.  
Our apple trees are picked quite clean;  
Their branches look so tall—  
My eldest boy is ten years old,  
I wish he were still small.*

## THE ROUND CLOCK

### THE VIGILS

*Across the sea, yet not too high  
To hear the breaking of her waves  
Beneath the glowing morning sky  
Stand all those men and girls  
Who chose for France to die.  
They could not take their youth along  
Of it is made one soul to guard that land  
Promising freedom, food and loving hands  
To greet the worker staring at the opening day  
Which comes to shed God's blessing over all, they  
say.*



VALENTINE'S DAY

*Here comes old Bishop Valentine,  
For centuries he's had good rhymes  
With which I can't compete:  
I'll blow my verses through the air  
Towards his spirit hovering there  
And lay them at his feet.*

THE ROUND CLOCK

LORD ROBERTS

(For Children)

*Children, remember well  
That grand old man, he fell  
Back of the whining shells.  
They called him "Bobs,"  
Frail as he was when the war came,  
All Europe aflame,  
He worked on England's job.  
Giving his best to all his men  
Loving them always, not just now and then.  
Honour to him who nobly ran his race  
See his brave face  
Challenging death  
With his last breath  
Making his country safe.*

OTHER POEMS

A MINE MANAGER'S BREAKFAST

*How the boy ran :*  
*Yet thinking some,*  
*He feels that this has come*  
*His manhood to arouse,*  
*He knows he must be brave*  
*Or else he never can*  
*His father save.*  
*Thank God he's at the house !*  
*He kicks the stubborn gate*  
*That tries to make him late.*  
*His father's eating there*  
*Tom grabs his chair*  
*And gasps, then shouts :*  
*"Father I 've seen that*  
*Bad Jim Clare*  
*He boasted he would get you out*

*THE ROUND CLOCK*

*And shoot. Beware!"*

*"There, there, there . . ."*

*His father smiled and spoke*

*First reaching up to take his coat;*

*His pistol was right there*

*Beside the chair*

*But he preferred to wear*

*His coat. "My son,*

*You will not come*

*To watch the fun.*

*Remember she's upstairs, soon*

*Another little one will come*

*And sleep and wake and croon*

*Within this house.*

*You are the master here until I come;*

*You would be nothing better than a skunk*

*If you that job should funk*

*But I will come to you again*

*OTHER POEMS*

*Unless my race is run  
And finished quite;  
If that is so, why then  
You'll just sit tight  
Until it is your turn to go.  
And tell your Ma she's not to mind  
If I don't come back from the fun  
I know she'll feel as tho'  
She had been left behind.  
Good-by my son."*

THE ROUND CLOCK

WHITE CLOVER

(A Fragment)

*Through the door into the hall  
Burst the fairest sight of all  
Filling the room with fragrant smell—  
It was a bowl of clover  
With its tiny bells.  
Picked in green fields far away  
Near the sea,  
Where Aunt lives by Gloucester Bay  
Carried all the way  
From Newbury.  
White and fairy-like its bloom  
Next to the curving stair  
Catching the fading light within the room,  
Lost in the dusk  
Of the gloomy square.*

OTHER POEMS

CAPE COD

*Here stands a wood of white oak trees  
Fronting the sea  
Stripped of their splendid glossy leaves  
Bereft of greenery.  
Yet it's July, the sun has made  
Whiter the sands, darker the glade,  
Quickening field and tree:  
Only these trunks of white  
End in an opal light  
Of palest rose and lilac grey;  
Colours of May  
Like the rare birth of Spring—  
Alas! she died. To-day  
The Gypsy Moth is King.*

## THE ROUND CLOCK

### THE GOLDEN AGE

*Child, may you ever strive to hold  
That wondrous gift, the age of gold  
Herein described,—soon childhood's past!  
The glitter of its years shall last  
For those so bold and true  
Who seek that distant, clearer blue  
Lying beyond the dirty grey  
Around us all each sordid day.*



## OTHER POEMS

### EAST OF PETERBOROUGH

NOTE: "Peterboro" means Peterboro, England, in the days of Mary and Elizabeth. "Peterborough" means Peterborough, New Hampshire. Time, the Present.

*Oh, that I were at home  
With fingers free to roam  
Along the shelves, I'd find a book  
Small, bound in green, and look  
Two of the poems up again.  
The years are fled since then,  
Oh, vivid day!  
I read till it got dark, when  
Silent the white snow lay  
Reflected in the mirrors, all  
Three set into the northern wall  
To brighten twilight's gloom  
And lift the pall  
Of grey December night*

*THE ROUND CLOCK*

*The dusk that steals into the room  
Before the light.*

*I read about a village maid  
Who put on cap and bells  
And danced through sun and shade  
From Bath to Wells.*

*Who does not long to follow?  
Another song had a refrain*

*(Mary was buried in the rain)*

*“Carry her down to Peterboro.”*

*Ma’am it is twenty miles away,  
You’ll miss the pageant there to-day  
Right in the streets of Peterborough.  
Yes Nurse, it’s late and we must go,  
Here I sit dreaming of the snow,*

*“Carry her down to Peterboro.”*

*OTHER POEMS*

*Where are the jingling bells of May?  
Burials, Queens, I miss to-day,  
“Carry her down to Peterboro.”*

## THE ROUND CLOCK

NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH CLOCKS

*The Clock ticks on and on, but then  
A friendly hand has wound her up*

*And he will come again*

*Raising the key, her cup.*

*She hopes that she can go*

*Until he come, however slow*

*And so keep true to Time, her master.*

*Naught can he wind for thee,*

*Ticking along without a key*

*Faster and faster*

*Towards eternity.*

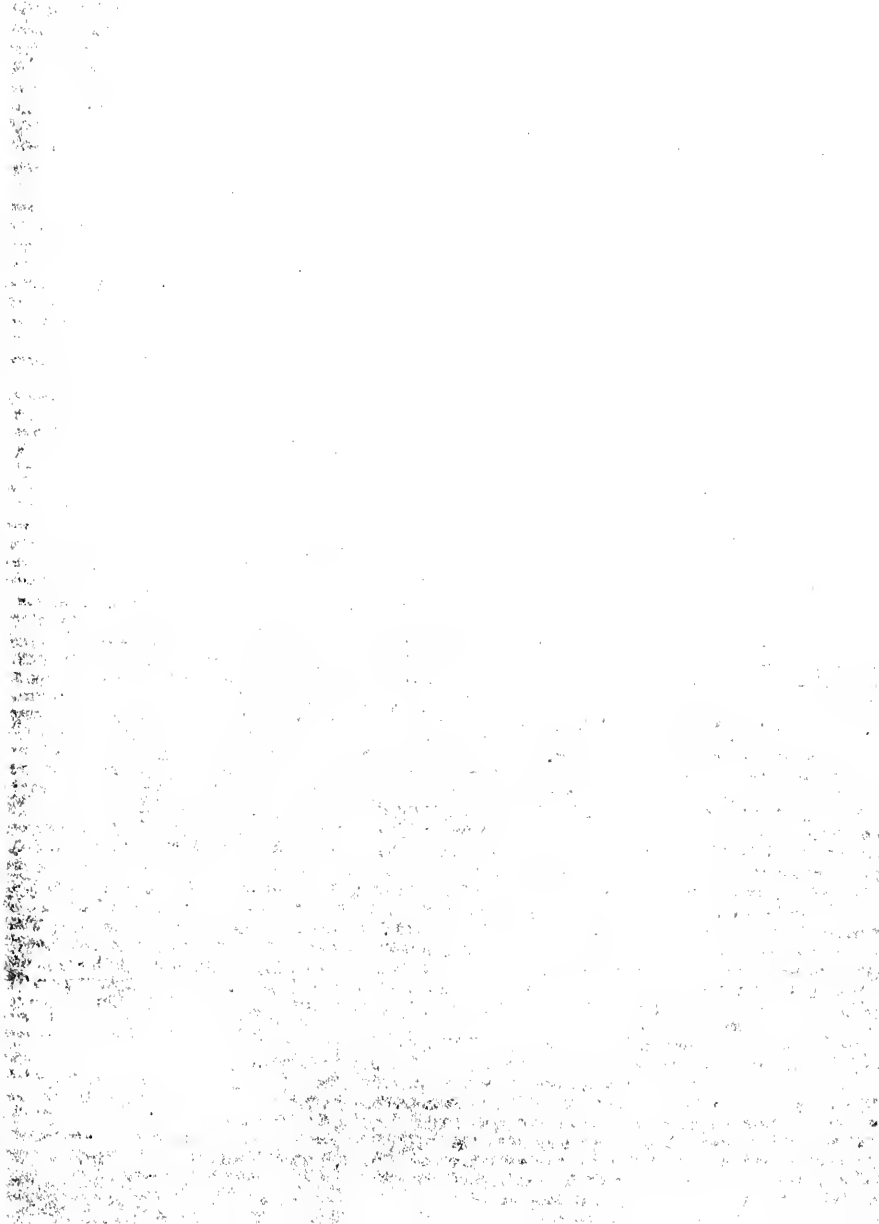
*Nor clock nor man her slave can see*

*Clearly enough to find the key*

*Held by the Master.*







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